

Insomniacs in Love

by Stephanie Lenox

We ride the shadows down, like bored teenagers
at an amusement park, feigning surprise as into the fog
and gaping mouth of the old fun house we go again.

Closing our eyes, we beg the mind to play tricks, to spill
before us some new and frightful monstrosity.

We stroll the maze of mirrors, unable to get lost.
The mechanisms creak, the papier-mâché ghosts hang
from strings so visible they make us howl.

That crone in the corner, her wig is on crooked.
There is nothing but a chunk of dry ice in her cauldron.

We know each twist and turn, the pattern of screams
on the tape, gone garbled with repeated play.
In the dim light, I blow kisses to my favorite zombie,
you shake hands with the skeleton, and so it goes

all night, elbowing each other out of dreams,
exit sign glaring as we lurch hand in hand toward day,
making almost enough noise to wake the dead.